

One Day

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One Day

If you could ask Kami-sama for anything what would it be? Wealth, Fame, Recognition?

Well for Shinachiku, he just wants a day. A day to exist.

****One Day****

_"__Please. Kami-sama. Just give me one day."_

It was an entity. An entity of lost love, false hope and shattered dreams. A transparent void of energy that floats around the universe. The entity didn't know how or why it made a desperate plea. It just did. There was a force that made it ask such a request. It doesn't know what it was or where it came from but there was a presence that made it beg for just a day.

Many years have already passed since an entity has been summoned, but why now? In the time of peace and sincerity. It doesn't make sense. There wasn't any on-going wars, no master minds plotting a ploy that could cause the end of the world. Why would it ask for a day? Of all he could ask for, why a day? But most importantly, what kind of day? A day of what exactly?

Little did it know, that Kami-sama will grant this small prayer.

* * *

><p>A dark night sky filled with the faint light of the stars that twinkled greeted me when I opened my heavy lids. It was a beautiful

sight to witness. Something I would never forget. The cool breeze against my skin made me crack a small smile on my face. It made me shiver but at the same time it warmed my heart. The sound of crickets chirping was music to my ears. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, the smell of spring surrounded me. The sweet fragrance of newly bloomed flowers in this field mixed with the smell of rain invaded my senses. It was heavenly. I turned my head to see grass dotted with dew. So this is what they look like up close. The small droplets reflected my face however it was hard to make it out. I grazed my hand on them, feeling moisture of it.

I sighed deeply and closed my eyes. _So this is what it means to be alive, _I thought. To be able to breathe. To be able to hear. To be able to see. To be able think. And especially to be able to feel. It was nice to be able to do all of these things even for a day. "Thank you Kami-sama." I motioned for the sky.

I slowly stood up, feeling the muscles of my body. I would be lying if I didn't say I was tensed. I tried to walk and smiled as I was capable of doing it. I heard a splash behind me and turned over to see what it is. There was a man getting water from the flowing river across me. I walked towards making the grass rustle. He looked startled as he raised his head when he saw me. "Hey kid, what are you doing here? It's the middle of the night."

"I'm sorry." I apologized. Surprising myself with the voice that came out of my lips. "Excuse me sir but where are we?" He quirked an eyebrow.

"We're in the outskirts of Konoha." He replied. _Konoha? Perfect. _I grinned knowingly that this is the home of my parents. "What are you lost? Are you a run-away?"

"No sir. I live in Konoha." _or rather I should be. _He raised a brow giving me strange look.

"Are you sure? Teenagers run away from home and mostly ends up here. We have enough teens creating havoc here. We don't need any more." He frowned. _Teenager? I looked like a teenager?_ I gazed down the river to see my reflection. The moonlight glistened as I took in what I saw. Luminous green eyes with a hint of intensity looked back at me. I blinked at the reflection a couple of times before grinning widely. I got mom's eyes. It was beautiful just like her. My smile was dad's though. I looked just like him. However my face was free of dad's whiskers. I ran my fingers through my blonde hair, it was surprisingly soft considering it was spiked. I lifted my bangs and snickered a little, not only did I have mom's eyes but I also got her large brow. Though I have to admit, it looked better on me. I turned my head over to the side to see a strong jaw and an aquiline nose. I wondered whose side I got those from. I stared at myself a little more. Dressed in a simple black shirt with an opened green and white sweater. An emblem of Uzumaki on the back. Plain black pants and typical shoes adorned my garments. Also, a green rectangular crystal hanging down on my neck. A faint smile crossed my features remembering I only have one day to live this through.

"Hey kid, why are you spacing out? Are you okay?" The man shouted making me snap out of my trance.

"Yes. I um..." I thought quickly for an excuse to make it believable.

This man is going to ran me out and I haven't met my parents yet. "I was just training a little but it seems I got lost on the way back. Could you help me find my way back?" I tried to make my face a little more pitiful. I guess I really looked pitiful since it looks like this guy's buying it.

"Urgh, sure kid." He shrugged. "What are you just going to stand there?" He motioned me to come near him. I looked back down to the river. It doesn't look that dangerous but it doesn't look safe either. So I decided jumping across it would be the best thing to do. Backing up a little, planting my heels on the ground then sprinting quickly over the edge of the river. I balanced myself as my feet landed on the ground.

"Wooh..." I sighed. Well, that was a lucky jump. I smiled confidently but it didn't last very long. As I stepped forward, my foot slipped on the damped soil and my face met the hard ground. "O-ouch, that actually hurt." _So, this is what pain feels like_. I covered my bruised nose with my hand. Great, to think that dad's stupidity rubbed off on me. But everyone is flawed and I'm no exception to that. I stood up carefully trying not to repeat that mistake. When I came face to face with the man, he looked baffled. "Is there something wrong?" I asked.

"You- why-" He cleared his throat. "Why do you look like the Seventh Hokage?" He tilted his head and scratched his chin. "I mean... your eyes might be green but you certainly look like him. A lot. It's kinda creepy."

"Oh, well that's good. I mean who wouldn't want to look like the hero of Konoha." I scratched the back of my head.

"Whatever kid. Let's just go. It's almost two in the morning." He walked ahead of me carrying a jar full of water, I followed suite. The man seems nice even although he might appear a little gruff. Would it hurt to have small talk with him? I cleared my throat.

"Excuse me sir, but what are you doing out here in the middle of the night too?" I questioned. He only turned his head on my direction then proceeded to walk quickly. I took it as a sign that he doesn't want me prying in his personal business. As we go through the woods, I noticed there were a lot of cherry blossoms that were scattered in the forest floor. The color reminded me of mom. The surrounding was awfully quiet which has given me a time to think how I will meet my parents. Especially make them believe that I'm their son. The more I think about it, the more I more complicated the situation is. _Oh Kami-sama help me. _

"Souma! Souma!" A cry was heard that sent the man running and dropping his water filled jug. I immediately came after him. We were greeted by a middle age woman crying as she went to the man's arms. "Souma! Miki is - she's-"

"SHE'S WHAT?" The man, Souma I presumed, demanded.

"She's having those panic attacks again!" The woman sobbed loudly. Souma dragged his wife with him inside the small cottage. Souma burst open the door to find a girl not younger than ten years old hunched over her bed struggling with her breath. Hands that are fisted on her

blanket has turned ghostly white, her eyes watered and skin that was drenched in sweat He was on her side straightaway. He hugged her lightly telling her to breathe slowly but the girl only shook her head mouthing that she can't. Souma was shaking at this point, tears were threatening to fall on his eyes. He started a little prayer to calm her down. The scene also brought tears to my eyes. If only I could do something to help. But _what if? _I thought. I decided to step in having only hope up my sleeve. I raced to the girl's bedside, she glanced at me with tears in her eyes.

"MIki? Is your name Miki?" I quipped. She nodded quickly considering Souma was hugging her. It was a huge risk but if I ever share the ability with my parents, please let it be mom's medical jutsu. Beads of sweat started to form on my forehead as I concentrated my chakra on the palm of my hand. It was hilarious, to think that I could do it for only one day what my mother trained for years. But if I was alive then, maybe I could.

"What are you doing?" Souma scolded.

"Please, I know I'm a stranger but trust me. I can help her." He was very reluctant but we didn't need it now, I gently pushed him away from Miki to give her some air. I straightened her back and told her to calm down. She wasn't calming down as I expected her to. Her brown soft eyes gazed into my own, pleading to relieve her from the pain. I was just scared as her. Daring to heal a girl without any reassurance if it would work. "You're going to alright. You're going to be just fine. I promise." As I was losing hope, a green orb radiated from my hand signaling me that the chakra formed in successfully. I slowly massaged her back while also praying that it would heal her momentarily. She stopped hyperventilating and managed to breathe steadily. She wiped her eyes dry and murmured, "Thank you." _No, Thank Kami-sama. _I was surprise when I was unceremoniously pulled back. Souma came to hug her gently, asking her if she was fine in which she nodded in agreement. His wife joined them as she dried her eyes and enveloped the both of them into a warm embrace.

I stared at the family in front. The way they tightly hugged their child. The tears they spent seeing their child in pain. Relieved faces, small kisses and promising words brought me to tears. So is this what a family supposed to be? A father that would do anything for his child's sake and a mother that gave all she has taking care of her. The scene was heart warming yet it's causing me pain in my chest. I was . . . envious. But, is it wrong for me to feel that way? Is it wrong for a boy like me to want what they have? I just want to see my parents. I just want to be hugged by them. I just want to talk to them, tell them I love them. I just want to feel that I am loved too. _Even for just one day_. I almost laughed at myself for sounding so selfish but even for one day can't I have those things?

"Hey kid, are you alright?" A voice called out, my head immediately snapped up. "Why are you crying?" I shook my head and wiped my eyes with my arm. "Nothing." I replied curtly. "I just miss my parents."

"Why?" Little Miki asked.

"Well, I haven't seen them parents for a long time." I confessed looking down. "I hope I would. Someday."

"I hope you would and thank you. Thank you for making my daughter well." The mother approached me and give me a low bow.

"It was no problem. My mother is a doctor and I would love nothing more to help people." I said as I returned her bow.

"Stay for a while and rest." Souma gruffly suggested. "And thanks kid." He offered me a seat on a small low table. His wife offered me a cup of tea and apologized that they can't offer me food. I assured them that it was fine. Creating small conversations about their daughter's condition, I didn't realize that I was slowly drifted into sleep.

I scrunched my face as a bright light hit my closed eyes. I groaned and tried to shield my eyes from the irritating light. "Arghhh, please turn off the light."

"Wake up kid. It's already morning." My head immediately sprang up as when I heard Souma's voice. Morning? Did I waste my time sleeping? That's not good. "What time is it?"

"Its 7 am -" He answered and I rushed outside.

"THANK YOU!" I shouted as I ran excitingly towards Konoha, "THANK YOU FOR BEING SO KIND TO ME! BUT I NEED TO GO AND SEE MY PARENTS!"

"GOOD LUCK KID!" Souma and his wife waved back.

This is the day. Kami-sama help me. Help me make my parents realize that their son, their unborn son is finally here to see them.

* * *

><p>It was another ordinary spring day. The cherry blossoms slowly but surely bloomed wonderfully. She stared at the leaves as they covered the street making them look like a sea filled with blossoms. Days like this are something she longed for. She sighed as she watched families walked together on this calm morning. A loud sound from scampering feet echoed through the house disturbing its peace. She saw her daughter Sarada hurriedly going down the stairs. Sakura was about to call her to breakfast but she ran pass me to the door.<p>

"Sorry mama, no time for breakfast. I need to go now." She quickly put on her shoes and darted through the door.

"But . . . I made breakfast." Sakura trailed after she was gone. Since Sarada started attending the academy, a situation like this is normal. _I should be pretty used to it by now,_ she thought. It was only her and an empty house. She glanced at the family picture on the top of a shelf. It was the only picture where they could be seen as a family. She faintly smiled. She remembered those families having simple walks around Konoha this time of spring. Will there be another time that they would be complete again? Not just a day but maybe a year or so. She frowned knowing that it would be impossible. Having a 'husband' that's never present for her and his daughter was heart breaking. But she could only blame herself. It was hard to ignore the truth that he never loved her and only was being civil because of Sarada. He never planned to be with her or stay with them. He was too busy wandering off and repenting his sins. Her eyes drifted to a

single portrait of Sarada, she was her life now. But when she doubted her being her mother hurt a lot. Since she was the only thing she have and done everything to make sure she grows up alright. Yet Sarada cursed her thinking that Karin is her mother. She thought that the house isn't the only thing that's empty. Being alone in this void room makes you rethink of what you have done with your life. She brushed off her thoughts and sat down on the table, eating alone. Tears started to form in her eyes as she slowly come into a realization that a happy family that she dreamed off is never going to happen. But she had what she wanted right? To get the guy of her dreams. She even had his daughter. She was happy. Isn't she?

She stood up, putting her plate and mug into the sink. "Better get this day started." She reminded herself. She put her daughter's on the fridge only to notice that their stored food was waning. She needed to go to the market place. It was a nice day to get out and she wouldn't want it spend the day stuck inside their house. Grabbing her wallet and a market bag, she went out welcoming the cool breeze of spring on her. She held her hand up blocking the sun. It slightly blinded her but she didn't complain. The bright rays warms her body and heart. It has been a while since she's been outside. Winter heavily dropped on Konoha and made it impossible to go outside without having the risk of having cold or worst, pneumonia. Spring came and brought everything to life again. Regular activities resumed again making the market place bustling with people. Sakura busied herself picking out basic necessities for the both of them. The lively people around her made her smile seeing as they were excited that winter is over.

"Nice seeing you outside, Sakura." A familiar voice greeted her from behind.

"Tsunade-sama!" She bowed lowly. The fifth Hokage looked younger than ever even after all those years of battle, she still can maintain her flawless figure. She mostly spends her time in the hospital or the retirement home haggling money from the old coops she gambled with. "Ah good morning too, Shizune-san." _The two of them never separated huh?_

"How are you doing? Shizune told me you had a minor family problem." Tsunade chided. "Everything alright?"

"Yes, everything is taken care of. I think." She answered unsurely. Shizune shot her an apologetic look. "How about the both of you?"

"Same. Same. I wish I could go out more. But the hospital is too demanding." Tsunade sighed. "Hey, what about it you two? Want to travel, drink and gamble with me? No one's holding us back!"

"Sorry, Tsunade-sama. I couldn't leave Sarada alone." Sakura excused.

"Tsk, you can't even leave your house. It's like you're freaking tied to it." She dissed. "Learn to live! Especially you, Shizune." She patted, or rather hit, her back.

"Tsunade-sama I'm living quite well, thank you for your concern. And if you want to drink and gamble-"

"Oh." They heard behind them. An eerie looking fellow beamed at them. "Good morning, Tsunade-sama, Sakura-san," He faced the 5th Hokage's assistant with a sly grin. "Good morning to you too, Shizune-san." Shizune scoffed and crossed her arms. Her seeing him was a great way to ruin her day. _Please Tsunade-sama don't make small talk with him._

"Oi Kabuto! Nice to see your scaly self out in broad daylight. How's the orphanage?" Shizune rolled her eyes as the retired Hokage opened her mouth.

"It's doing well. The children are as active as ever." He fixed his glasses over his nose. "I do wish these kids would find a good home."

"I hope they do or they'll end up like you." Shizune quickly retorted. He wasn't surprised at the hostile attitude the medic gave him, it has been that way since he practically tried to kill her.

"Shizune! Lighten up, it's too early for that. Damn." Tsunade shook Shizune lightly. She couldn't blame her assistant for still having a grudge on him. Sakura awkwardly smiled at the situation. "Kabuto, want to join me and Shizune for a drink?"

"TSUNADE-SAMA!"

"I would like that. However, not today. Maybe tomorrow?" He suggested.

"I'm not going." Shizune pouted. "In no way I'm-"

"WATCH OUT!" The attention of the four diverted at the sound of panic. A truck that was spinning out of control came out of nowhere. It smashed into every stall it met, sending every produce flew. Screams of terror filled the air. Tsunade smiled, she missed this kind of action. "EVERYONE! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE, GET OUT OF THE WAY!" She bellowed. Citizens fled immediately from the scene. The scared driver opened his door and violently fell on the solid ground. "Shizune! Tend the driver. We'll deal with this truck." She nodded at Sakura and both of them sprinted after the out of control vehicle. It was headed towards a small establishment. Sakura noticed children playing in front of it. _DAMN IT!_ The kids merrily laughed as they passed the ball to each other but fear soon consumed them as the truck rampaged toward them. "TSUNADE-SAMA!"

Time seemed to slow down as Sakura and Tsunade both punched the ground to make a crater large enough to make the truck fall into it. However, there was a quick gush of wind and a light blur that made the children disappear before her eyes as the truck fell into the pit. Dead silence and the sound of engine dying surrounded them. Both of them was heaved heavily. _What happened? Where did the children go?_ Her ears picked up a small cry coming from her side. There was a figure crouched down hugging two small children in its arms. It slowly sat up and revealed its face. It was nothing more than a teenage boy. His emerald eyes shone with concern to the little ones he rescued. He gave out comforting words to make sure they were out of danger. The children hugged him tightly as they cried out, knowing that without him they could have been turned into mush. The boy patted their heads lightly and gave a sincere smile.

As Sakura witnessed the scene unfold, she heard her own heartbeat. ****_Thump, thump. Thump, thump_****. Her chest felt heavy yet she felt so relieved. She stared at the blond haired rescuer. Something about the boy felt familiar even though she knew that she never seen him before. She felt scared, terrified even but also nostalgic. It was the same feeling when she had Sarada. **_How? _Sakura** slowly walked toward them. There was a strong urge that she needed. . . Needed to reach for this boy. She needed to protect him. The feeling was too overwhelming to ignore. Why did she felt happy? Why does she feel overjoyed? Why does it feel like he belonged to her? Why?

The kids gave one last squeeze to their hero before letting him go. He wiped his brow then sighed, it all happened to fast. His stomach was growling at him for not consuming any food before he decided to hunt for his parents. His legs brought him to the market place instead. A loud crash alarmed him of the approaching danger. His eyes trailed after two kids casually playing and a wrecked machine spinning out of control. Before he knew it, adrenaline pumped in and he dashed to grab the children to safety. It frightened him. He didn't know if they made it or not. Will that be the last of him? He thought he really did have a tragic fate. The only purpose why he was alive today was to see his parents but he'd die before that even happened. A soft cry released him from his train of thought. They were alive and safe. He needed to hand it to Kami-sama, he's doing a lot of work from him today. He noticed a shadow coming towards him and faced it. Time seemed to stop as his eyes landed on her emerald ones. He held his breath not believing in what he saw. His heart pounded inside of him. Tears prickled his eyes as he took in the woman that was in front of him. **_She's here._**

"Mom." He spoke softly, the wind carried his words. His mother was here, standing in front at him. It felt like he couldn't ask for more. He smiled, she caught her breath. "Mom, I finally found you." He ran toward her and did what every son would always want to do to his mother. He hugged her.

Enveloped in a warm embrace, Sakura welcomed it. The feeling was truly nostalgic. She closed her eyes as she savoured the warmth. It felt like the hug she gave Naruto when he came back from winning against Pain. **_Mom, _she** recalled him saying it. Why did sound so natural coming from him? **_Mom. . . Mom? MOM?!** **_She** immediately pushed out of his embrace when realization hit her like she was dosed in ice cold water. "What- What are you doing?"

"What's wrong, mom?" The boy asked, as if there was nothing wrong with the situation. Sakura looked at him flabbergasted.

"What's wrong? You just called me mom!" She pointed out.

"But aren't you Haruno Sakura? You're my mom." He countered. "I'm your son, Shinachiku."

"I don't have a son and especially, I've never even seen you before." Sakura refuted. **_Did this boy hit his head hard while rescuing those kids? _"**I think you hit your head badly. That's why you've mistaken as your mom." He grinned, surprising her because it looked so much like Naruto.

"I'm definitely sure that you're my mother. It's me, mom. It's your

Shinachiku." His eyes bore into hers. How could his eyes be so honest even though what he's saying isn't true? Would she believe him? Of course not. She only had one daughter.

"Sakura! Everything alright?" Tsunade came to her side panting.

"N-no. Tsunade-sama I need you to check this kid for me. I think he hit his head or something. He's been saying that I'm his mother." Sakura faltered.

"But you ARE my mom." He protested pouting a bit. Tsunade looked back and forth from the pinkette and blond.

"Well, you might be." Tsunade interjected. Sakura looked at her dumbfounded. "I mean you kinda looked like him. You have the same eyes." The boy's eyes gleamed at the comment she gave. "Come here kid, let me check on you. Wait, where did you get that?" She pointed at the green crystal hanging from the boy's neck.

"Oh this? I've had it since I could remember." He inspected the necklace.

"It just reminds me of something I gave Naruto." Tsunade trailed off.

"You. . . You know Naruto?" He merrily chirped. "Mom! She knows-"

"STOP! Just stop." Sakura held her hand up. "Please stop saying nonsense. YOU ARE NOT MY SON, AND YOU WILL NEVER BE." As soon as the words came out of her mouth, she immediately wanted to take it back. She felt her heart squeeze as the boy's expression fell. He looked so hurt and crestfallen. Regret filled her being. She did nothing more but to say the truth but why does it felt like she was lying to herself. She needed to get back home now, her thoughts are all over the place. "I need to go, Tsunade-sama." She walked quickly and collected her groceries with her.

"Mom! Wait!" She heard the boy call out yet she continued her way home. She sprinted, careful not to spill anything in her bag. She stopped for a moment, sighing. She checked behind her, seeing that she was not followed, she trekked forward to her house.

"Mom. "

"AHH!" She shrieked. The boy earlier was already in front of her. "What? How?" The boy grazed a faint smile on his face and scratched the back of his head looking a little guilty.

"I'm sorry for earlier, I think what I said shocked you." He apologized. "But it doesn't mean that it's not true. I am your son." Sakura almost scoffed at what he said but resisted. Her house was close and she had enough of this boy's nonsense.

"I'm sorry too. I just can't believe the words you're saying." Sakura walked passed him. He still followed.

"Mom please, what do I have to convince you?" He pleaded. She opened

their gate yet he persisted pursue her.

"Nothing! You don't have to do anything! Just go back where you came from." Sakura opened the front door and shut it but didn't walk away when he answered, "No. I can't. Not yet." through her door. "Why not?" She asked back.

"I. . . I need to see you and dad first before I go. I need to. I have to. This is the only time I have." She heard his voice break. "Please believe me, mom. I am your son."

"My son huh? Who's your father then?" She challenged.

"Uzumaki Naruto." She was startled at his claim. _Me and Naruto? A child? _She scoffed although her heart beat rapidly in her chest, _this kid is saying that his father is Naruto and I'm his mother? But we never. . . I never._ How can they have a child?

"Me and Naruto? You're joking right?" She laughed bitterly, her voice started to shake "W-we never had a child."

"I know." He smiled sadly, tears forming in his eyes. "I know. You and dad never came to be. But if you did, you would have me. . . I know it's hard to believe but please believe me. I'm your son. I'm the son that you never had." He sniffled. "I- I don't even know how to explain it you, mom. Even I don't know how I got here. I just know that I have to see you and dad. I don't know what Kami-sama did but from what he gave, I couldn't ask for more. Being your son is the best thing I could have wished for. So please, mom. Let me be your son. All I ask of you is one day. Just one day." He pleaded.

A deafening silence filled the household. At that moment she could only hear her heart beat. Questions, memories and thoughts swarmed Sakura's head as the boy tried to explain. What if what he's saying is real? But that's impossible. The boy even knows that they didn't end up together yet still he claims to be their son. He wouldn't be able to exist. She wanted to laugh at the situation, is the universe playing a cruel joke on her? What did she do to deserve this? Why in the world would that boy want to be her son? More specifically, _their son? _She wanted to rip her hair out of her head because of frustration.

Yet, why does her heart go out for him. Was it pity? Does she really pity him? If so, why does she want to believe that what he's saying is true? Hearing his cries made her want to hug the boy and comfort him saying that it's going to be alright. To assure him that what his saying is real, even though she knows that it's not. She wanted to wipe the boy's tears away from his green eyes that mirrored hers. She wanted to see the smile that he offered when he first saw her. The boy didn't even hesitate to believe that she's his mother. But she already has Sarada, wasn't she enough? She closed her eyes and sighed deeply. It was only for one day right? She'll make it through the day being this child's mother with no harm being done. She only have to play along, right? After that he'll leave her alone. And if he does something threatening, she can handle it herself. Finally making a decision she opened the door slowly and whispered, "Just one day? After that you wouldn't bother me anymore?"

The boy's head lifted his head, tears blurred his vision but he nodded and mouthed an inaudible yes. Her heart ached as her eyes

landed on his dejected face. She stepped forward cupping Shinachiku's face then wiped his tears with her thumbs. "Don't cry anymore, okay? I'm here." She assured. The teenager let out a relieved breath and nodded his head vigorously. "Thanks mom." Warmth enveloped her heart as she heard that word from him again. He embraced her again, Shinachiku felt his heart was about to burst anytime by being too elated at the moment. He squeezed her gently making sure that this feeling was real. But his stomach growled loudly at him ruining the moment. "Sorry. I haven't eaten anything." Sakura smiled and led the way inside her house.

"Make yourself at home." She said before going directly to the kitchen. Shinachiku gazed curiously at his mother's home. It was decent and large enough for a small family. Pictured above on a shelf caught his attention. He picked up one frame the contained his mom, a girl and Sasuke, the rest was mostly photos of the dark haired girl. He smiled sadly wishing how different it would be if it was him and his dad standing with Sakura in the picture. Sakura was about to call Shinachiku inside the dining room when he saw him standing in front of the shelf. She walked forward and put her hand on his shoulder. "That's my daughter Sarada. That's Sasuke, her father." Shinachiku mechanically nodded putting it back. "Let's eat."

Sitting down with his mom for breakfast gave him a very domestic feeling, not everyone has a chance eating with their parents so he's going to make it worthwhile. She placed a hefty bowl of steaming rice with miso soup, tamagoyaki and hourensou no gomaae as she sat on his left. The delicious scent of the food made his mouth water. He took his chopsticks and tried to hold it properly but obviously failed at it. He grunted, frustrated at his incapacity of handling an everyday item. Sakura giggled at his struggle, with her _son's _brows together, he looked like Naruto when he has to wait 3 minutes for an instant ramen to cook. She stood up and got a spoon and handed it to him. "Sorry if the tamagoyaki is quite cold. I thought I was going to have breakfast with Sarada but she ran off so quickly. I'm sorry, what was your name again?"

"Shifnuhchiffu." He mumbled with mouth full of rice and gomaae. He swallowed the food quickly Sakura thought that he was about to choke but he spoke. "Shinachiku. Uzumaki Shinachiku." Sakura was fairly surprised that this kid used Naruto's surname for his own.

"Okay Shinachiku." Sakura saw his face and ears perked up when she mentioned his name. "Where did you get that name?"

"Menma."

"Menma? Like in a ramen? Bamboo shoots?"

"Yup. I don't know why. But menma was something important to dad. That's why in his head he named me Shinachiku since it's similar to Menma." He slurped his miso.

"Menma is important to Naruto?" Sakura chided. _Menma, _the name itself struck a chord in her but she can't remember what it was. Sakura noticed that Shinachiku was almost finished with his food and she asked if he wants seconds then he nodded vigorously.

"That was really delicious mom! That was the first time I ate!" He laughed. "I wish I could have breakfast with you every day." _First

time he ate? _Sakura wondered about the comment but didn't pry into it.

"Thank you very much. It's nice to have someone appreciating your cooking." She walked to the counter as to get more rice but then a huge wind blew making some petals from an overlooking cherry tree enter her kitchen. "Argh. I forgot to close the window again. I'm sorry Shinaâ€" She heard laughter and turned her head to his direction. The petals winded up mostly on Shinachiku's head and the table. She smiled at the scene, he looked like a ray of sunshine inside sitting at her table. He lightened up this dull house the moment he stepped in. He took some of the petals in his palm and walked towards her.

"You know what I love about spring, mom?" He looked up at her, his bright smile still intact.

"What?" She leaned down a little so they were face to face, a smile also plastered on her face.

"It reminds me of you. The color of flowers on every cherry blossom tree maybe pretty but it's nothing compared to you. See?" Then he showered her with a couple of petals in his hand. "You look really pretty mom." Sakura was taken back at the compliment that his _son_ gave. Her heart swelled with bliss and her eyes got teary listening to him. "Why are you crying mom? Did I do something wrong?" Shinachiku's face was filled with concern.

"No, no. It's just that it's been a while since I heard something nice like that." She tucked in a hair behind her ear, a light blush spread on her cheeks as he wiped her eyes with her finger. She saw Shinachiku puffing his cheeks and she reached out and pinched it. "What's the matter? Hm?"

"If I can live with you I'll tell you every day how beautiful you are mom." He giggled lightly. "You know mom sometimes I wish had your hair instead of dad's."

"Hmm? And why would you want such a girly color for your hair?" She patted his head and combed his hair with her fingers.

"Because it's yours. And I know dad loves it too. Just like our brow." He lifted his bangs out of his face and revealed his similar large brow. Sakura lifted an eyebrow.

"Sasuke was the one who said he liked my brow. Not Naruto." She corrected.

"Trust me mom. It was dad."

"How would you know?"

"I was watching."

"Watching?"

"I mean Kami-sama was the one watching. He just told me." He smiled innocently.

"Whatever you say." She ruffled his hair.

"Hey mom. Could we go outside? Let's not waste the day staying inside. Pleasee." He pulled his Sakura's arm towards their front door.

"Alright, Shinachiku. Let me just clean this up."

"I'll help!"

End
file.